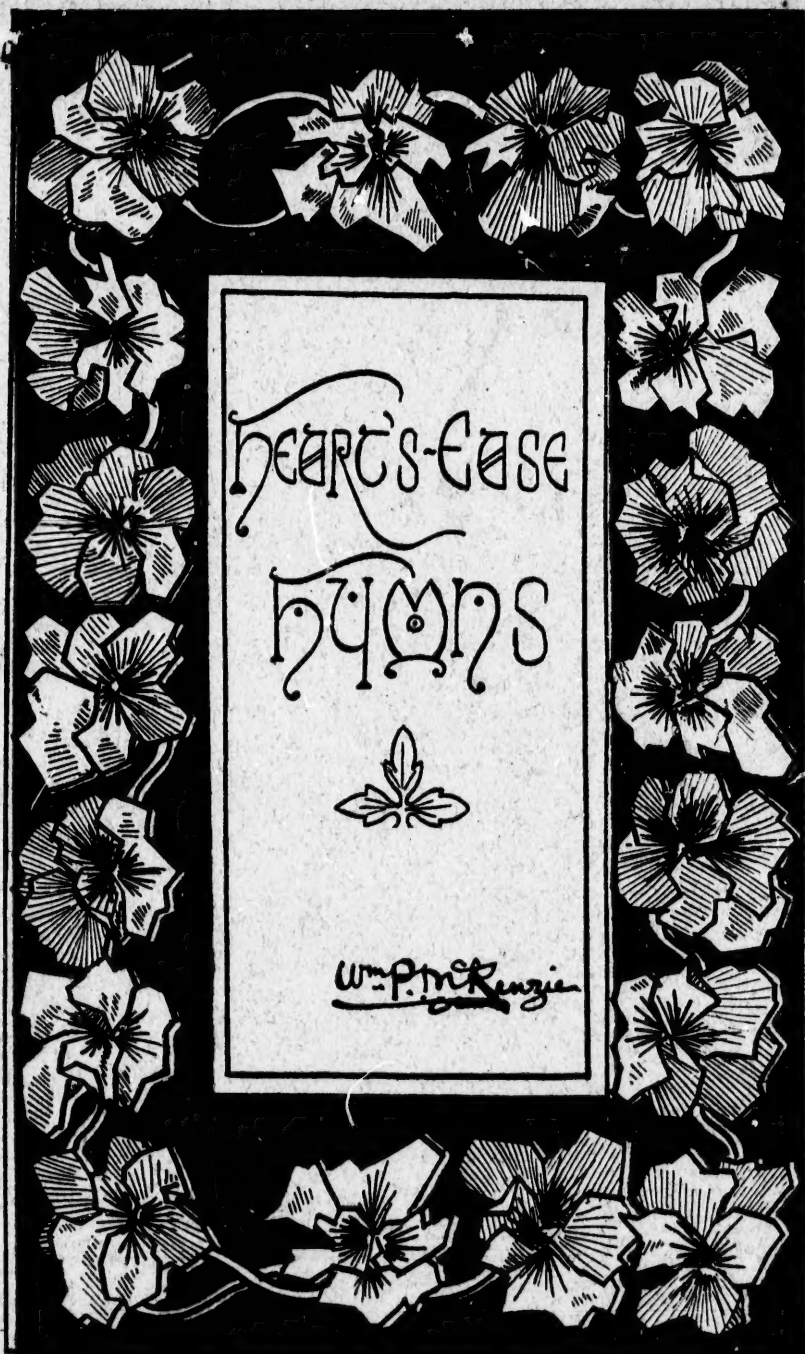


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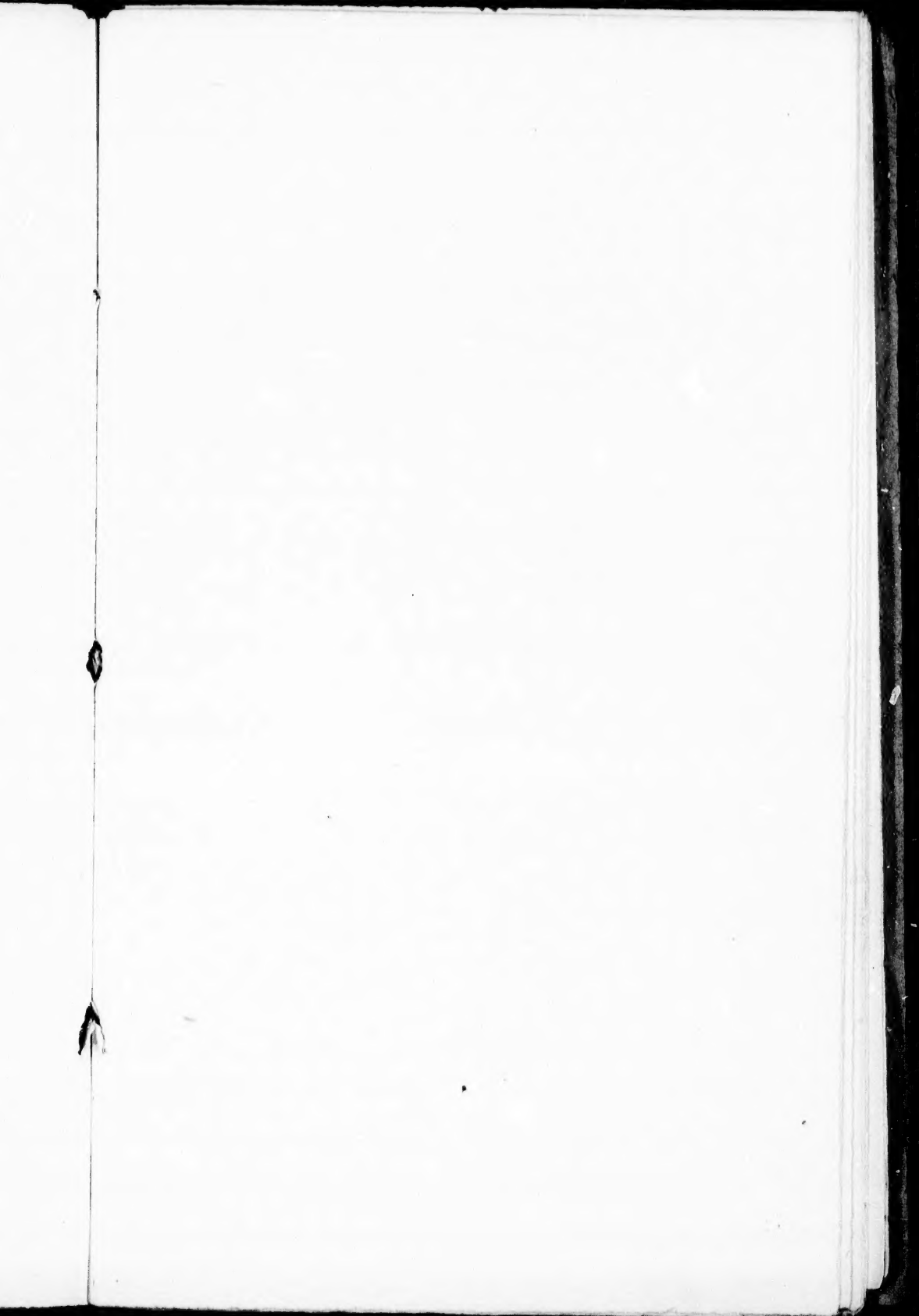
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**HEARTSEASE HYMNS  
AND OTHER VERSES,  
by William P. McKenzie.**

*"Go, love without the help  
of anything on earth."*



**WILLIAM TYRRELL & CO., TORONTO,  
CANADA. \* \* \* 1896**



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*Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada,  
in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture, by  
Wm. P. McKenzie in the year One Thousand  
Eight Hundred and Ninety-Five.*



TO  
FRIENDS MANY

---

*Where God is known  
All men are friends;  
For Truth is sown  
Where God is known,  
Love reigns alone  
And dolor ends—  
Where God is known  
All men are friends !*







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*HEARTSEASE HYMNS*









### THE GOOD PART

GENTLY hath a sweet voice spoken :  
One thing needful must ye choose ;  
O ye weary and heart-broken,  
Can ye still this call refuse ?

Seeking good on earth, nor finding,  
All your hope earth must defraud,  
Things of sense forever blinding  
Eyes whose light is seeing God.

Patient love, so wise and tender,  
Standing mother-like apart,  
Waits till love awakened send her  
Each far-wanderer from her heart.

And that love, the one thing needful,  
Bringeth life and conquers death ;  
Oh, let hearts be still and heedful  
Hearing what the sweet voice saith !

*St. Sylvester.*



## GUIDING LIGHT



WE walk the earth as pilgrims,  
For here is not our rest,  
Our home is that condition  
Where peace hath made men blest,—  
The kingdom of the Spirit  
Where Life hath conquered sin,  
Where Light dispels the evil,  
And Love makes all men kin.

We have passed through the waters,  
The floods of whelming fear,  
And all our old task-masters  
Pursued but came not near ;  
'Though Marah's pools were bitter  
'The waters were made sweet,  
And when we failed for hunger  
From heaven hath fallen meat.



The desert may be pathless,  
We have the cloud in sight ;  
The nights be drear and starless,  
We have the guiding light ;  
The Christ-hope is unfailing,  
Christ-love makes us aspire  
To find with Him, in Spirit,  
The land of our desire.

*Webb.*



## REDEMPTION

O TRUE and tender Spirit let thy splendor  
Flood our dull hearts with life and light  
of God ;  
Thro' all temptation be our strong defender,  
That we may walk the path our Master  
trod.

Teach us the glory of that old, old story,  
How Jesus served who might have been a  
king ;  
Show us the horror of old battles gory  
Till we know hate in heart like ill can  
bring.

In our condition cleanse away ambition  
Till we find gladness in the quiet mind ;  
May we, Thy children, learn our heavenly  
mission,  
Not to condemn but to redeem mankind.

*Berlin; Prince.*



## THE ETERNAL



TRUST the Eternal when the shadows gather,  
When joys of daylight seem so like a  
dream ;

God the unchanging pities like a father,  
Trust on and wait, the daystar yet will  
gleam.

Trust the Eternal for the clouds that vanish  
No more can move the mountains from  
their base,

Than sin's illusive wreaths of mist can banish  
Light from His throne or loving from His  
face.

Trust the Eternal, Oh repent in meekness  
Of that heart's pride which frowns and will  
not yield,

Then to thy child-heart shall come strength  
in weakness,

And thine immortal life shall be revealed.

*Henley.*



## JERUSALEM



O HOLY new Jerusalem,  
Descending from above,  
With glory of fair colors  
In radiancy of Love !  
Thy bulwarks are of jasper  
Sapphire and emerald bright,  
The amethyst and topaz,  
The beryl and chrysolite.

Thy gates that open Northward  
The pole star have in view,  
Clear light of revelation  
That ages have found true ;  
The star that shines to Eastward  
Shone at the birth of Christ,  
So mighty, yet so lowly  
When wise men kept their tryst.



Southward beyond thy portals  
Shines high the holy rood,  
Symbol of earth's redemption  
Through Christ-love's brotherhood ;  
Westward Love's golden glory  
Makes each last shadow flee,  
And harmony makes peaceful  
The golden shining sea.

O blessed home of Spirit  
That Truth hath built "four-square,"  
We long to pass thy portals  
And see thy colors fair ;  
We praise the light of Science,  
We bless the Mother-love,  
That we behold thy glory  
Descending from above !

*Ewing.*



## THE INFINITE



THE glory of the arching sky,  
So infinite to sight,  
By this brings resting to mine eye  
And still delight.

The wideness of the swaying sea,  
That sense finds limitless,  
A great contentment brings to me  
And soothes distress.

The endless motion of the wind,  
The song that cannot cease,  
But makes a quiet in the mind  
And whispers, Peace.



And thus my spirit knowing Love  
To peace and rest is brought,  
So infinite is God above  
My highest thought.

And after joys that have an end  
There is no will to roam,  
For everywhere is God, the Friend,  
And Love is *home*.

*Eddy ; St. Cuthbert.*



## TRUTH.



THERE are none friendless, none afraid  
The saving Truth who know,  
Their shining path leads from the shade,  
And up to light they go.

It setteth free from thought of sin,  
It healeth error's blight,  
Immortal joy is found therein,  
And there shall be no night.

Oh, may we all be children true  
Of Love, and Love alone ;  
And so in faith make all things new,  
By making Love's truth known !

*St. Agnes.*

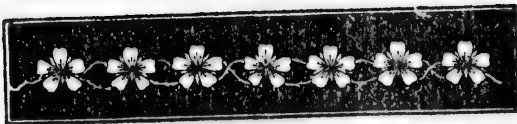


*SONGS OF TRUE LOVING*









### HEART OF GOLD

LOVE like a flower unfoldeth,  
Tear not the leaves apart  
Long though the white cup holdeth  
Secret its golden heart.

Patience and faith withholden  
Darken the garden-place,  
Longer the warm heart golden  
Hides from thine eager face.

Loving the white flower purely,  
Glowing when days are cold,  
Sunshine will bring to thee surely  
Wealth from its heart of gold.



## EVANGEL



UNTO Shepherds lowly  
Came the anthem from the skies ;  
Thoughts from heaven holy  
Dawned upon their dreaming eyes.

“Glory ! Glory ! Glory !  
Unto Love enthroned !” they cry ;  
Light illumines the story  
Trembling through the wondering sky.

“Peace shall bless goodwill  
Everywhere ’mong men on earth !”  
Came the evangel thrilling  
At the glad news of the Birth.



So the shining glory  
Makes in every heart Love's morn  
Hearing Love's old story :  
*Unto you the Christ is born,—*

*This day comes a Saviour!*

Wise men mark the star appear ;—  
Wise through meek behaviour,  
Whoso wills may see and hear !



## "DAS LIEBE JESULEIN"

LUTHER'S TERM

So gentle and pure-hearted was the mother  
The babe drew life  
From love more sacred than hath been an-  
other  
In maid or wife.

And so he grew in sturdy limb and beauty,  
As grows the flower ;  
To greet love's sunshine was his childhood's  
duty,  
To love, his power.

Behold him silent, after play and laughter,  
While dreamy eyes  
Seem fixed on visions of the far hereafter,  
And thoughts arise.



Yet, if she bid him to some errand lowly,  
    Prompt will he speed ;  
The glad obedience makes the service holy,  
    Though small the deed.

And so the grace of God doth brood upon  
    him,  
    As broods the dove ;  
For that by which the Almighty One hath  
    drawn him  
    Is mother-love !



## PROPHECY

FROM east and west, from north and south,  
Together men shall throng,  
And praises sound from every mouth,  
For Love shall give them song.

Before His face shall go the light,  
And men, with opened eyes,  
Shall see the knowledge hid from sight  
As love shall make them wise.

The perfect bond shall be inwrought  
With all their hearts, till sin  
Shall vanish, as the hostile thought  
Is gone when men are kin.

Then all the holy and the just  
That ever earth has known,  
Shall see the triumph of their trust  
When Love ascends the throne.



## A TRUE MAN'S LOVE



## I.

"MY faith is placed in thee," he said,  
"I trust, till earth and heaven pass;"  
And faith looked back, as from a glass  
The flash of mirrored eyes is sped.

"I shall be led by her," he said,  
"So life become through her complete;"  
Long years he toiled with weary feet,  
For she by devious pathways led.

"Love is a fancy, then," he said,  
"Like marsh fire gleams a maid's caprice;  
Shall I trust one who slayeth peace?  
Nay, let love bury its own dead!"



## II.

"She must have faith in me," he said,  
And so he turned, as to the sun,  
To Him whose love warms every one ;  
And from that light the shadows fled.

"Now let her follow me," he said,  
"For Truth is made my guiding-star ;"  
Then steadfastly he journeyed far,  
And lo, she followed where he led.

"Love that God is, makes light," he said,  
"And Truth is manhood's noble quest ;"  
She came in peace, home to his breast,  
A Woman, quickened from the dead.



## WOMAN'S TRUE LOVE

SWEET woman unto God so nigh  
That he unworthy is to kiss thy feet,  
And yet for love doth wear himself and  
sigh—

Be patient with thy man, O woman sweet !

A child is he, like one laid nigh her heart  
That seeks the warm breast of the mother  
mild ;

A mother to the love he knows thou art,  
Be patient with his love, he is a child !

His love is feeble—but he hath not grown,  
Thy wondrous love he yet will tower above,  
And thou look up to love thou hast not  
known,

Be patient then, though feeble is his love !

Sweet woman who hast brought to birth  
This man's love holy, yet so incomplete,  
In this way must the Christ-love come to  
earth,—

Be patient with thy man, O woman sweet !



## JUBILEE



THE year of release hath come at last,  
The year of Jubilee,  
And error into its hell is cast  
That the children may go free,—  
The children of men who are sons of God  
When love is the truth they see.

And over the roofs and the city walls  
The gladness of music swells,  
The silvern voice of Harmony calls  
And the triumph of Love forthtells ;  
The joy of the Lord is sung for men  
In the jubilee of the bells.



*THOUGHTS OF A MAN*









### PATHFINDER

THEY troop along with mirth and song,  
By the way I planned,—  
How knows the crowd what dangers throng  
On either hand ?

And yet for them, by the steep crag's hem,  
I sought the path ;  
Ere the ford was found there were floods  
to stem,  
Floods wild with wrath.

They circle round the quagmire's bound,  
No ills to meet ;  
My steed was gulfed ere a course was found,  
Firm for their feet.

They came not first through the land of  
thirst,  
So each one sings ;  
I sought o'er leagues of a land accursed  
For the water-springs.



## PRODIGAL



I've wandered in that country  
Where men become like swine,  
To them have I been servant  
With anxious face for sign ;  
The meat wherewith they revelled  
Was but as husks to me,  
And when I was anhungered,  
Father, I thought of thee.

I heard men call Thee jealous,  
With anger that would burn,  
So I repenting, faltered,  
Long fearing to return ;  
I could not trust Thy loving,  
Methought to serve for hire,  
But Thou hast given welcome  
Beyond my heart's desire.



Thou has received me, Father,  
 All wearied with my sin,  
 Nor caused that One should suffer  
 Ere I could enter in ;  
 I left in that far country  
 The thoughts that made me part  
 From Thee my Life and Saviour,  
 And now, I know Thy heart.



## SAMARITAN

I WANDERED out from the City of Peace  
By the Jericho road ;  
Easy and smooth was the downward path  
'Mong the barley sheaves ;  
I thought mayhap I should gain release  
From Duty's goad,  
But my fleeing day was a day of wrath,—  
I fell among thieves.

They seized my robe, rich-woven, rare,  
Of Tyrian red,—  
Stripped off my seamless vest of white,  
My golden chain ;  
One snatched the caftan that bound my hair ;  
Though a sword-cut bled  
He smote me again for his own delight,  
Till I swooned for pain.

'Twas thus when I lay that Pride passed by  
On the other side,  
Robed like a priest, and with muttered  
prayers  
To the priest-made God ;



Then Pity passed, but first came nigh,  
And gazing sighed,  
But needs must haste to his other cares  
So leaned on his rod.

I stirred when disengaged lowly Love  
Compassioned me ;  
The wine he brought was love, the oil  
Was gentleness ;  
My eyes found light from his face above  
For he kneeled to see,  
And bound my wounds in eager toil,  
With his own torn dress.

I rode his ass till we reached the inn,—  
I was his guest  
Who once had scorned to name the name  
Samaritan !  
The Priest and Levite were mine own kin,  
But the alien blessed ;  
My need of love was the only claim,—  
I love the man !



## A DAMASCUS GARDEN

WHAT though I toil 'mong wranglers of  
the mart,

A key doth let me where no strife is  
found,—

The roses breathe a welcome 'mid the  
sound

Of waters tinkling where the lote-blooms part  
And through the sheltering vines the sun-rays  
dart ;

There I from life's hypocrisies unbound  
Hear truthful Love's glad greeting, and am  
crowned

With roses in this garden of the heart.

Then forth a Prince I wander in disguise ;

I hide the purple and the jewelled star

Again with gray rough garments, feel the  
jar

Of miser-quarrels, yet my shining eyes

And royal mien almost the truth betray,

'Mong slaves a king walks on the common  
way.



## IF LOVE REMAIN

THERE would be no blue sky, if I were  
blind,  
No dun and white clouds rolled before the  
wind ;  
The sunlight would be spent on wide green  
places  
Where violets would breathe their greetings  
kind—  
I should not see their brave and heartsome  
faces,  
A handbreadth world without me I should  
find,

If I were blind.

There would be no birdsong did I not hear,  
Though nesting-time and love are new each  
year ;  
The wind would sing among the greening  
branches,  
Or shriek with fury as the storm-clouds near  
Whence demon-light his quivering arrow  
launches,  
But I should have no gladness and no fear,  
Did I not hear.



•  
And yet no world were lost if love remain ;  
In thee my friend, I should have ease from  
    pain,  
Thy thrilling touch would build the starry  
    heaven,  
Of love's true heaven—then the sun might  
    wane,  
Earth all be desert like the lands he parches ;  
The loss of all things would be endless gain,  
    If love remain !



## CHILDLIKE



“As a little child”— I say the words,  
And they seem to give me rest ;  
As a little child would I become,  
And lie on the Mother’s breast,—  
For God is the Infinite Mother  
Who hath borne and carried us all,  
Who broods above  
With a tender love  
Aware of our faintest call.

But I unconscious of that great love,  
Have been content in a dream,  
Or fretted myself by day and night  
In gaining the things that seem ;  
I pray that truth may quicken  
The love that is undefiled,  
Till freed from art  
And quiet in heart  
I become “as a little child.”



## THE PRESENT

THE doors of my future and past  
Have irremovable bars ;  
I fought as they prisoned me fast,  
These doors of my future and past,  
But in the still Present, at last,  
I am calm beholding the stars ;  
Though doors of my future and past  
Have irremovable bars.

The future and past are man's,  
The Present belongeth to God ;  
Man visions, and fears for his plans,  
(The future and past are man's)  
Regrets, and his failure bans,  
Till Peace is a path untrod ;  
The future and past are man's,  
The Present belongeth to God,









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